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E VOICE OF
MIZRAIM
JOHN WALTER PAISLEY



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THE VOICE OF MIZRAIM



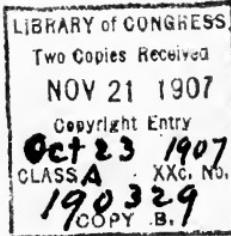
THE VOICE OF MIZRAIM

BY

JOHN WALTER PAISLEY

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PREFACE

The same God who made man in His image made known His severe disapproval of any attempts to mar or degrade that image, whether the influence which brings this to pass is without or within. He told man to look up and toil; to put out his spiritual, moral and mental powers to usury, for in so doing he would lift up himself, constrain his fellows to righteousness and in the end receive the reward of glory.

Whether this is done or not it lies within the man. There may be great pressure from without, but it cannot overcome till the inner man yields. God never makes a man without purpose and he must hold to that purpose to accomplish most. He must not surrender up his individuality only insomuch as it tends toward evil. He must place his ideal high and lofty and work to it. Every man who has reached the front rank has had his ideal whether it was physical, moral or mental—whether it manifested itself by his conquests of arms, his conquests of virtue or his conquests of intellect. Those without may say, "You should not seek such a high ideal, you should not try to see so much; your horizon is too narrow, your vision is foreshortened," but his very soul feels the heaven-born inspiration which forces him to perform his task, although it seems small, with

an enthusiasm that knows not defeat—it must be known that he has lived and wrought; ere long some ear will listen.

His highest and Godliest service is to help his fellowman by helping the oppressed to lift up his head, do Godly deeds, think noble thoughts, to love those who persecute and calumniate him; to help the oppressor to see his error, repent of it and to refrain from committing it again. There is nothing greater nor will aught else hasten the "kingdom" on earth.

I am not in the frame of mind that the prophet was when he exclaimed, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," although the conditions may be similar, I am hopeful. If I should give my people any advice, it would be: Look to God, Ethiopia, look to God; stretch forth your hand to Him, but let it be full of toilsome righteousness.

I do not remember the history of any people who have been so maligned, oppressed, ill-treated, misrepresented as the Ethiopians in America who have not resorted to desperate measures when the least opportunity was afforded them. But the black man in America rightly smiles in the face of these. He gives patience for oppression, patriotism for denial of citizenship, labor for the paltry sustenance of body, and snatches success, progress and civilization from the grim paw of prejudice.

A cheerful, patient, toiling, moral, Godly people cannot be suppressed forever. Its ideal, like the individual's ideal, must be high, for a race is but an aggregation of individuals.

For a purpose was I born into the world—all else will fail. His purpose in me is to lift up my people by precept and example, to vindicate and encourage them, to call them to a nobler manhood and womanhood, to demand a more humane treatment for them. I begin here to set forth that purpose. This is not a sectional plea. It is hoped that this will help to secure them justice in every realm, whether in Africa, Australia or on the free soil of America.

J. WALTER PAISLEY.

Raleigh, N. C.

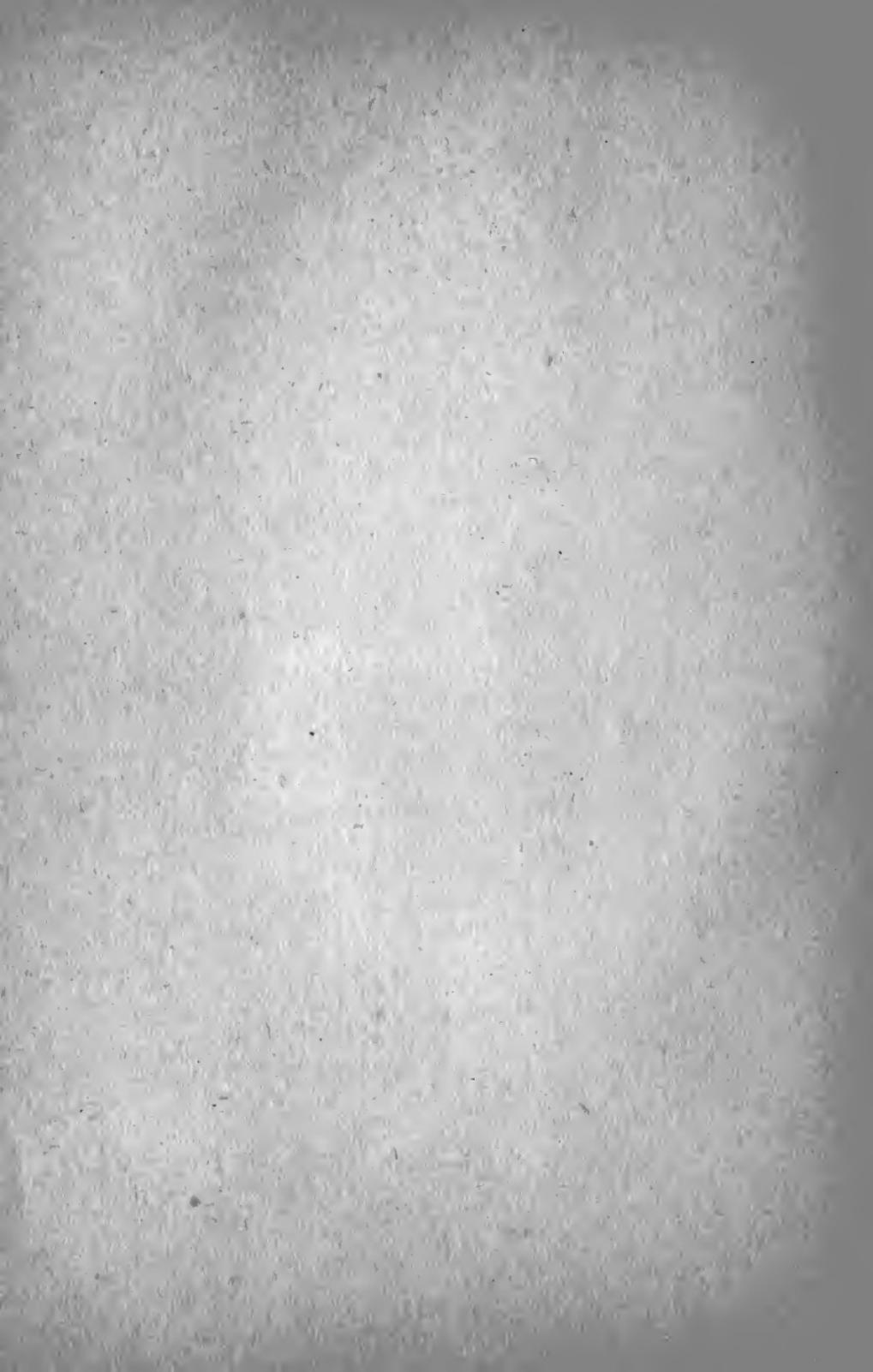


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THE VOICE OF MIZRAIM



THE VOICE OF MIZRAIM.

Lo out of Egypt doth a voice call forth
Unto the Heavens for its righteous aid,
Unto mankind whom Justice, noble worth
Still actuate, nor leave them half afraid.

Gross darkness once enveiled my swarthy face,
Caused me to stumble, yea a thousand times ;
Deep were my wounds and every manly grace
Was hidden from me in those heartless times.

Long was the night and hideous was the scene ;
Not dreams, but stern realities of woe ;
Indeed the nations heaped on me their spleen
And bade me onward with their burdens go.

But in the depths of night I stumbled on,
Beseeching God above to give me aid ;
Yea, I believed that He was looking on,
That he watched o'er the creature He had
made.

Vaguely His promises first came to me,
And yet I felt in them eternal charm :
They said, "Thou shalt live in the great To Be,
Though now thou dost toil like the aimless
worm."

Then I three empires on my shoulders bore
Without their love and dared not make complaint;
It seemed that I was doomed thus evermore—
How oft my flesh and spirit felt so faint.

Amidst the storm the veil of night was lifted;
No more shall that fell curse turn me awry:
But now, this hour, I want a matter sifted,
I want the strength of truth to testify.

They say I am the Brute, the Burden-Bearer,
Because the God of Heaven made me so;
That I have never come to man's endeavor,
Nor helped the tide of civilization flow.

They say that race on race, age after age
Have scorned me and have wreaked on me
their will,
That my events are written on blank page,
That I with ignorance must ever dwell.

I shall not see the glorious things of earth—
So rant the senile dreamers of the day.
They think not that such words of evil birth
Will, like the breath that spoke them, pass
away.

They wist not that in ages past I ruled
And swayed the scepter with a mighty hand
Where Moses for his leadership was schooled;
Too Babylon, Phoenice were my land.

I know that there are some fixed verities
Which man cannot undo nor change their course.

He often changes them in his own fancies
But they move on with unabated force.

Mark me, a slave, who chained by customs, laws,
Dispirited to make my bondage sure,
Could not lift up my voice in my own cause,
Could but be silent and my pangs endure.

God put upon the commons men of fire,
Who spent their strength to wage this humane fight;
No compromises satisfied their ire,
Nor rested they until 'twas settled right.

Still He is God, still is my advocate,
His eyes are in the earth, yea over all;
I will not now His gracious ways forsake,
But trust His providence and on Him call.

He lets each race come on the stage of time
Enrobed in wealth and power for its rôle;
It must act as His virtues may incline—
On scenes of vice He lets the curtain fall.

Oh thrones, dominions, masters of the hour,
Why ever vent on me debarring hate?
Does not my virtue which you will deflour,
My burning frame, your passions satiate?

Are these the due processes of your laws,
Are these the glorious record that you boast?
'Tis time that Reason should make Madness
 pause;
'Tis time that Justice rule the violent host.

'Tis true that I have life, but 'tis half death,
For I am pricked and scourged by malice oft—
Vain babblings and a waste of precious breath,
 For Virtues, Merit ere long conquer craft.

Try not to shape me to your whim or will,
Let me build on the virtue in my soul;
My Maker gave me some task to fulfill,
 You know it not nor can my fate control.

Soon will your vaporings be no longer heard,
And your life-strivings will be in the past:
Why cause your son to curse your deed, your
 word,
And spend his life undoing it at last?

Yea, justice is the empire's corner-stone,
Love is the sinew with which she must build,
Peace is her strength, so truly tried and known;
On these she stands whate'er her foes have
 willed.

The pow'r of man is but a simple trust
Which the Omnipotent doth delegate,
And when this pow'r is used for malice, lust,
Man wakes some morn bereft of pow'r and
 state.

I will strive for a cultivated brain,
Within the march of progress take my place;
I'm not the shard of all the ages' train,
Nor I the embers of a dying race.

I will design my temple for His dwelling
And build it up just as His mind has planned,
Then He'll with me abide, His message telling
To me; He then will lift me by His hand.

Lord haste the day when Mercy, Justice, Truth,
Shall make their dwellings in the souls of man,
Then shall one virtuous shelter cover both
The mighty Lion and the peaceful Lamb.

FAITH.

Drear howling cannot lift
The man one round,
It cannot make the beam-rift
That lights the ground.

Oh shun the rock on which the faith
Of man is wrecked,
That leaves him stranded in the path
Of storms unchecked.

Faith brings me visions of the To Be,
What I may reach,
And makes for toil a greater plea
Than all our speech.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

The martyred have not brought to thee
The deeper love and larger light,
The freedom and liberty
Out of the long, deep night,
To rid thee of thy cross.

As their flesh perished for the truth
And vital principle,
So must we daily crucify
All in us mean, ignoble.

The way to glory, purity,
Is but the way of the cross.

Thou canst not now lay down the burden
That presses thee,
And receive a paltry guerdon
While a greater not far can be.

Why standest thou there despondent, idle,
Considering loss?

If upward thou wouldest go to glory,
Thou must shoulder and carry the cross.

THE APPEAL OF AN AFRICAN.

God of all the fleeting ages,
God of every race and clime,
Unto whom our fathers cried
In the days of hard oppression,
Who seemed sleeping, yet was near;
Lend an ear to the confession
Of their sons with humbled pride,
For our hearts are filled with fear
And around a tempest rages,
But we trust the way is thine.

Have we wandered from thy precepts:
Have we wandered from thy virtue:
Have we wandered from thy glory:
Have we wandered from thy favor?
Is that why the nations tread us:
Is that why our leaders waver:
Is that why our path is gory:
Is that why our path is parlous?
To what country must our footsteps
Turn, but this: whate'er we do?

Teach we're not the forlorn pariah
Of the cursed children's seed;
Not the terror of virtuous women;
Not the menace to polity
That our enemies have said.

We are men: what slaves would be:
We have dared make a beginning;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Though we bear the woes of Marah,
Still we follow this day's creed.

All we plead for is the charity
That a Christian heart can give,
And that mind may block no pathway
That leads upward to the light.
What has made all people noble,
What has armed them for life's fight,
What has pointed them the highway,
We but ask for in our struggle.
Make no world-wide disparity:
Deal not death when we should live.

Justice is enthroned above
Self-willed clamors of the rabble,
Nor asks she, "Who is the man?"
Ere she weighs to him his merit,
Though she's blind, she knows the balance
Will be true, whoe'er it hurts.
Thus, she puts all under ban;
Gives the mightiest judge his parlance,
Makes him firm even unto love.
Too, she doth exalt a people.

EMANCIPATION ODE.

To thee, O Lord of hosts,
Do we pour out our hearts
In thankfulness and praise
On this our natal day,
For thou didst burst the bonds
Which held four million souls
In servitude and gave them back
To liberty and life.

II.

Six times two score of years
Were we in that thrice-heated crucible ;
There mingled toil and blood and prayer
And forlorn hope and fawning fear.
Naught could our strength or lips avail
Against the oppressor's will,
But thou didst raise up men
With souls of steel and tongues of fire
Whose words went forth as two-edged, fiery
swords
Dividing brothers, dividing father and son,
Till, in the mighty conflict,
Millions of treasure and seas of blood
Were paid as thou didst say.
Direful and awful was the scene ; but all
The tragedies of civilization are dear.

III.

Then, since to us
Thou hast vouchsafed this boon,
What manner must be the man;
What his attainments, what his mind, his will;
What thou dost look for from this new-born
race?

As over the deeds of other races we look,
And see what little measure they came from,
How they have toiled, where failed, where won,
We can make better judgment of our own.

'We must be men of hope.

If we have lost our path-lamp hope,
We are not fit for progress.

We stumble oft, oft leave the path,
And oft our courage fail;
We cannot lift ourselves toward heaven
Where the conquerors' lives are lived
In spite of the earthy weights that cling,
In spite of the law-mills' endless grist
Of humiliation and shame.

Hope is the star in the depths of night,
When the path is almost lost,
Which shoots its ray with effulgence bright
And gives the despainer cheer.

IV.

We must be men of toil.
The sceptered hand of kings
Who are conscious of their power
Does not excel the laboring hand
That digs from Nature's store

Whate'er the human race may need,
Or who with mind attuned
To flower or bird or star
Brings forth some light unto us,
Pays for his lease on life.
By word and deed the exalted Christ
Taught men its dignity;
And through it we shall enter the gate
Of Paradise again.

V.

We must be men to lay
Aside a little store
Which will remove from want,
And not to say within ourselves
We must not store our goods away,
Tomorrow we may die;
We must enjoy ourselves today,
Tomorrow we may die;
Then friends and relatives of us bereft
Will fight and quarrel o'er what we left.
For in this day when the golden calf
Is the Mecca of faith and power,
Let a toiler bow and he lifts himself
To the best seats earth can give.

VI.

We must be men of choice,
Who choose the pure, the good,
Those who conform their lives
To that blest light of heaven,
And put them in the van:

For if 'tis known that virtue's prized
And virtue alone may win,
And virtue only may exalt,
Then virtue will prevail.
To rise we seek those things
Which men put premium on.

VII.

We must be men of thought.
Where'er great deeds are done,
Where'er great battles must be won,
The thoughtful man is there supreme ;
He must be heard and seen and felt,
He must be followed, must be praised,
Whate'er his name may be.
We must be men of worth,
Whose lives increase in power and strength
Like to a mighty river.
For all the world respects the man
Whose life points ever true.
We must be Christ-like men ;
Like unto thee, O God :
Without thy likeness naught are we ;
The clay is dumb and cold,
On thee its kinship has no claim.
As we stretch forth our hands to thee,
Help us to fill them with good works,
And build a stately race,
One that shall reach its own
In honor, power, authority.
For we were placed by thee
Within this mighty state
To help work out its destiny

In working out our own.
Thou dost dethrone, thou dost exalt:
Who knows but that thou'l choose
This lowly race as thine,
To give the regal seat
In thine own time and way.

THE YOKE.

Each day brings some new task,
Each year brings some new dream,
Each age brings some new yoke
To fasten on the little man,
Which he must bear and toil and murmur not.

Sometimes it galls his neck,
Sometimes it bends his back,
But worse, it grinds his soul
Till it can scarcely know its power,
Yet he must bear and toil and murmur not.

They say I've born the yoke
Through all the ages past:
They say I've been the drudge
Of every race in every clime,
And still must bear and toil and murmur not.

True, I have borne all ills
That malice can invent,
And I have often passed
'Neath Humiliation's discontent,
And still must bear and toil and murmur not.

My very soul revolts
'Gainst Malice and her clan—
Give me a freedman's chance
Such as you give to foreigners
And I will bear and toil and murmur not.

How is it I am banned,
Maligned, abused, reviled,
And rated with no gain
By every race in every clime,
And still must bear and toil and murmur not?

I am not spiritless,
I have that image Divine:
I am not passionless,
For I have still the human side,
And still must bear and toil and murmur not.

This life was given me
To ennable, glorify;
To take each talent given
And put it out to usury,
So at his coming all shall be well done.

NO TIE BUT LOVE.

There's no true tie but love;
'Tis only when each heart is full of love
For every other heart that evil strife will cease,
And there will be sweet peace.

There's no true tie but love,
That love which proves itself through all the
years,
That love which may be traced in every deed and
word—
Such love will make concord.

'Tis true that love gives strength;
Without it life is like the fruit that grows
Upon the Dead Sea's shore—it gives but bitterness
To those whom it should bless.

Life-ties are made of love:
It is the golden thread that runs through all
The line of friendship, 'tis the bond of wedded
life,
The Christian's hope in strife.

LIFE BY DEATH.

Howe'er ephemeral its day,
Let each dear life resolve
To build on old decay
A kingdom and a throne.
It once was true
That death could oft endue
My soul with terrors, fears ;
Yes, joyless I recount
The sighs and ardent tears
That burst forth from the fount
Of my soul in its strife ;
But they have passed—long passed,
And knowledge hath outgrown their reach.
And yet I am oppressed,
Always till I beseech
His love to guide my life.
Then I am quickened—then
That Godly Image tells
That He within me dwells,
And fits me for His toil.
Then tell me not that death
Shall conquer me. He hath
A partial victory.
Although his sad knells toll
And make my thoughts awake,
He cannot break
The halcyon of my soul,

Nor bind it with decay.
Nor can man touch my soul
Nor bend it to his will;
He may vex it with grief
But it will look up still.
'Tis deeds that make the man,
'Tis doing noble deeds
That lifts one man above
His fellows, their vile creeds.
Each hidden, fenny way
Grows richer with the dust
Of generations—
No soul doth linger there,
He cannot trust
His workmanship so fair
To Nature's interpretations,
As each departing day
Speeds onward bringing rest
From busy conflicts past,
And joy when morn doth rise;
So shall death pass away,
And then my soul, renewed, will praise
My great Deliverer's name;
Through grief and death I shall pass on to glory.

THE WAY.

Oh give me a kindly hand
When I am pressed;
'Tis more than wealth or land
Or all possessed.

Oh give me a loving word
When all is dark,
When the depths of my soul are stirred
Like a beaten bark.

All flesh is born of God;
Regard it such,
And when thy tongue would prod
Thine own faults touch.

Hours, days, years have I wandered,
Few ventured a smile;
One Voice with eloquence whispered,
"Wait awhile."

I'm not born of despair,
My strength is hope;
'Neath the veil of doubt and fear
I onward grope.

God rules the universe,
And he is just;
Though clouds do not disperse;
Believe I must.

For clouds are doomed to fall,
Darkness to end;
And blessings attend them all:
Each is a friend.

Ethiopia, look above,
Him trust and know;
Thy problems He will solve;
His age moves slow.

THE SONG OF THE BALLOT.

How full of wondrous might am I
In the undertakings of mankind :
No depths too low, no heights too high,
For me to send a master mind.

When thwarted are my hope and aim,
To desperation I resort ;
Then if a thousand must be slain,
I push them through death's open gate.

I have disrobed the Ethiop ;
Each year have filched a Saxon right :
Both, smit with my oppression, grope,
And pray that they receive their sight.

The depths are known, the heights are known,
My ancient rule is manifest ;
A peasant crowned, a king dethroned,
But mark the march of my conquest.

The sane, the wise, the free, the brave,
Who value friend and home and life,
Surrender me not, I've power to save,
When rights are crushed amid the strife

Deep in each heart a longing lies
For strength to make himself supreme,
And when some one his hope defies,
Through me he finds a shameless scheme.

But let the peasant be a seer,
Beyond the reach of craft and hate;
Then autocrats will have a peer
That will have justice or their pate.

TO IMAE.

O maid so tender, fair,
O maid with ringlet hair,
Thou art a spotless flower,
Unfolding beauty each hour,
As days around thee grow.

Maid, what of care hast thou?
What will thy heart avow,
When freedom has an end,
And thou canst not defend
Thyself, besieged by love?

Wilt thou with listless smiles,
Wilt thou with wanton wiles
Conceal that hidden fire
That fills the Self entire,
Or wilt thou it betray?

O maid list, Wouldst thou know?
The whispers of love are low,
They creep into the ear,
When thou art unaware,
Like some soft summer dream.

O maid, so tender, fair,
O maid with ringlet hair,
What will life bring to thee,
From its eternity,
As its depths to thee reveal?

A curl, a joy, a sigh,
And love that cannot die,
Will each thy being share,
For glory and not despair
Hast thou been born.

THE REVOLT OF AGE.

How years creep by and leave on us their trail!
Through childhood, youth and prime of life, we
fail

To note them, but our souls turn to the sun
Of hope and for its fantom glories run.

Once I was young and heaven filled my soul
With deep-born longings for a higher goal;
For habitation with the chosen few.

The growing strife I sought, for well I knew
That sloth was hostile to accomplishments,
But toil and skill were righteous instruments.

'Tis of this endless contest life is made,
Whether the end is wrought out or essayed.
Life mirrored all its beauty and its charm,
Nor from these vague beginnings came alarm;
But howe'er high the summit of life's hill,
Beneath it lies the vale, so deep, so still.

Now I am old and wear a silver crown;
My muscles tremble 'neath the lightest gown;
The very vine that climbs above my door
But mocks me, for its youth is ever more.

I am enfeebled with the weight of years
And every sparrow's chirp a burden bears;
I'm stolid, deaf, I'm dumb and dispossessed;
I'm stricken, cast down and I cannot rest.

Is there no healing fount which will restore
To me my life and vigor evermore?

Come back, ye happy hours I once enjoyed:
When first my natal star came from the void;
First learned the civic virtues of the home
That always cling wherever we may roam.
Is age the Nemesis, reproach of youth
That visits those who barter worth and truth?
My soul in sullen silence of its rage
Will rid me of the handicap of age.
I will efface thy marks, relentless Time;
Again a Titan intellect be mine;
I will uncrease my brow and lift my form
And look the ruling deity of storm.
Nay, nay, the daring verdict of mankind
Will say these ravings show a senile mind.
Nay, nay, the requiem of ambition 's sung,
The knell of all my cherished hopes is rung.
Creeds with their fenny maze are naught to me,
They are the henbane of man's charity.
For aught I care fine tower, minaret, spire,
May crumble, tumble into mud and mire.
Give me a youthful soul that's filled with God
And I will mankind serve without applaud.
O Wisdom, that comes but with rigid years;
O Wisdom, that oft dwells in doubts and fears:
Show not that I have spent in idle strife
The moments of the golden part of life.
Once more return youth's vigor and man's power,
If but for one blest day but one short hour,
For I am buried from the world's full view,
And I must sit and sigh while others do.

TO A WILLOW.

Thou drooping, lonely willow,
Bowed by the little brook;
Pray, why dost thou allow
Thyself so sad to look?

Day after day the Morning
Wakes up refreshed with rest,
But never in its dawning
Dost thou seem by it blest.

Nor when the spring reclothes thee
Dost thou look very glad,
But in thy sober beauty
Seems something very sad.

Nor even in the autumn
When all of Nature smiles,
Wilt thou throw off thy burden,
But simply changest styles.

The dreams of pleasant summer
Bring thee their joyous scenes,
And every little hummer
To his heart's pleasure leans.

The brooklets glide with laughter
And fall o'er stones with song—
Wilt thou be joy hereafter,
Thou hast been sad so long?

To man thou hast taught weeping,
And he has followed fast;
And he is ever reaping
The fields of his gloomy past.

I'll follow not thy teaching,
Nor thy companion be;
For I am ever reaching
For the best that earth gives me.

SONNET: THE HERO.

'Tis pressing duty done that gives him birth;
He faces problems with that fortitude
That doth surprise the thoughtless multitude:
'Tis in the hour that some great deed for earth
Demands a man of courage, valor, worth,
Whose spirit is with simple faith imbued,
Who thinks of furthering his brother's good,
That he in his full stature hastens forth.
Helmet and lance cannot his conquest stay,
Nor was his course by destiny foretold,
For he had vowed to combat and to sway
With greater zeal than did the knights of old;
His sudden flood-tide bears not him away,
He sees his cares increasing seven-fold.

THE ANGELUS.

The twilight shades were falling
On good Saint Patrick's Tower,
As the great bell's notes were calling
Unto prayer.

Down from that antique belfry
The sexton came when done,
And knelt before the altar
All alone.

Ah! there his soul could utter
Its secret and its pain;
Commune as with no other
There again.

There spirit unto spirit
In quietness could speak:
For through another's merit
He must seek.

Reclaim the ancient favor,
The fire and the arm
Of his compassioned Saviour
For his own.

"Ave Maria, Blessed Virgin,
Present a sinner's plea;
My soul with thirsty longing
Looks to thee.

"Thou, veiled in heavenly glory
Upon thy throne of light,
Know'st well the toilers' story,
Day and night.

"Know'st well the fleshly tempter
Who runneth to and fro:
Deliver, Holy Mother,
Ere I go."

O'er and o'er his rosary
With fervid lips he told,
Through each succeeding mystery,
As night grew old.

He, there in deep contrition,
Marks not the speeding hour,
Concenters in his mission
And its power.

Kneels till the voiceless darkness
Mellows to ashen dawn,
Then feels in its completeness
Life new-born.

With heart attuned to praises
He from the altar goes,
Again to walk life's mazes
Whate'er oppose.

That olden creed shall perish,
Shall die with the centuries,
And the nations shall find and cherish
His verities.

For God hath sent his people
The precepts of His Word;
In this each sees his title
To new priesthood.

No confessor atones for mortals,
Nor mediates for mankind,
Nor brings from the cursed portals
Souls confined.

Who come must reach the Father
By merit of His Son,
Or else his loving favor
Is not won.

STILL WITH THEE.

Still with Thee, Oh my Savior,
 Still with my hand in Thine;
I walk the pilgrims' pathway,
 It is the way sublime.

Still with Thee, Oh my Savior,
 In service I would be,
To herald forth thy message
 Till every soul is free.

Still with Thee, Oh my Savior,
 In simple faith am I,
And naught of earth shall move me,
 Although her powers try.

Still with Thee, Oh my Savior,
 In love, in song, in prayer,
And never on the journey
 Must I faint in despair.

Still with Thee, Oh my Savior,
 As I draw nearer home;
Though darkness veils Thee from me,
 I hear Thy voice say, "Come."

GOLGOTHA.
AN EASTER POEM.

The Son of Man doth pray
In dark Gethsemane,
He there pours out the fullness of his soul
In cries of deep distress.
“O Father, let it pass,
And yet Thy will doth all my will control.”

Behold him near at hand,
The traitor with his band
Have broken in upon that sacred hour.
The captains drawing nigh
Falter when he says, “”Tis I”;
They see in him divinity and power.

Then growing fearless, bold,
Full armed with hatred old,
They hasten with him to the high priest bound.
Deserted and denied;
By foes condemned and tried:
What travail hath the Prince of Heaven found!

Ere dawn on Zion’s hill
Mad violence is will,
It clamors, “Let his blood be on our head.”
The governor suavely smiles:
“The multitude beguiles
My stricken conscience into this I dread.”

"He ought to die," they say,
"He's full of blasphemy,
He wrecks traditions, turns the world awry;
He is not Cæsar's friend,
Therefore his rule must end—
O Father Abraham, hear thy children cry!"

On him, the Innocent,
On him, the Savior sent,
His enemies will all their malice wreak;
He strives not to defeat
Them at the judgment seat,
But all creation heard that silence speak.

Now passeth he along
Amid the jeering throng,
Upon his shoulder rests a heavy cross.
Though full of agony
He bears it patiently;
His mission must not, must not suffer loss.

Persistence has assailed,
Persistence has prevailed—
The scourge, the cross, the myrrh, the crown of thorns,
Are symbols of that strife
Which out of death brought life;
That Life which all eternity adorns.

O'er earth doth darkness dwell,
For on Golgotha's hill
Dies he for sinners who is guileless, just.
The High Priest enters in
And rends the veil within,
Makes every man a temple and a priest.

There to that sacred hill
My soul doth wander still,
For there the battle for mankind was fought.
Redeemed with blood are we
And by love's power set free;
His blended love and blood these wonders
wrought.

CANAAN TO HIS MOTHER.

“The long, dark night is past
And day has dawned at last.
Mother, clouds still hover near,
Seem threatening our whole sphere.”

Mother:

“He maketh the clouds His chariot
And rideth forth to war;
Son, go beseech His favor.”

He to his chamber goes
And there pours out his woes;
The sweeping clouds still lower,
The wind with voice and power
Fill the air with the blinding storm.
“O mother, the wind doth roar
And fill me with alarm.”

Mother:

“He walketh upon the wings of the wind
And cometh forth to battle.
He speaketh and they obey His voice;
Again before Him fall.”

Silently he kneels and prays,
With faith that seems must save,-
But deep within his ears

He the thunder of heaven hears.
“O mother, can He hear my pleading;
He seems not my heart yearnings heeding.”

Mother:

“He’s calling to His creation,
To fulfill His just demand.
Ten thousand thousand thunders
Can never stun His ears.”

Contritely, humbly, lowly
He at the altar strives.
“Wolves creep in the darkness slowly,
Destroying unlettered lives:
The mad-flood drives them onward.
O mother, I still look downward
But see no sign of light.
Why comes this flood of malice
Which, like a barbarous onslaught,
Overwhelms my people with death?
Forbid it, Almighty God!”

Mother:

“He rebuketh the people, my Canaan,
He rebuketh with the thunder voice;
For their hands are dyed with blood,
But they shall be staid from slaughter,
Or the flood shall destroy them wholly;
Still pray—He’s the only refuge.”

“Beseems me the cleaving lightning
Will pierce my very soul:
Mother, are the heavens brightening?
Ah, when will the gloom-clouds unroll!”

Mother:

"The lightning, His flaming sword,
Doth execute His command.
It obeys His very word,
Which we may not understand—
Call His protection still."

How heavily was he pressed,
He could not rise.
Through the gloom which his soul distressed
He cast his eyes.
"O mother, 'tis darker still—
God thus be Thy will?"

Mother:

"Yield not to despair, my son, thou'l't prevail,
He cannot leave thee here.
'Tis His altar and He must save."

"Is hope fled? Must I yield?"
He sinks to faith's humility.
"Oh the bitterness of mortal life!
Why should our only Deity
Suffer the pains that vex our life!
Why not His weapons wield—
O mother, I see cloud-rifts
Far off; there light with darkness shifts!"

Mother:

"Utter the seventh prayer;
A Savior is standing there
Awaiting thee to prevail."

He rallied his waning strength—
Around him brake at length
Full glory and full light.
Blinded with the sudden rays
He simply gave forth praise.

“Thy garment is light,
O my God, most high;
The lightning Thy sword,
The cloud Thy chariot,
The winds Thy wings,
The flood Thy destruction,
The thunder Thy voice
These to command.
When Thou goest to war
Naught can withstand Thee,
The proud are humbled,
The vain are laid low;
Ten thousand stumble
And never rise:
I will trust in Thee—
Thou my battles fight.
When enemies strike me
Innocently
Twice or thrice, Thou knowest,
And will avenge;
Though my ways are low,
Thy ways are lofty;
Though my thoughts are bestial,
Thy mind is just.”

VISITATION.

Upon a shady bank
Where gurgling waters flowed,
A swarthy traveler sank,
Despairing of his load.

Above him on a bough
The prowling night-owl slept;
And o'er the water's brow
A slender willow wept.

The honeysuckle climbed,
Perfuming every breath;
The distant church bells chimed,
And sounded 'cross the heath.

With doleful voice, said he,
"How can I upward go?
The nations' faults crush me,
They strike me blow on blow.

"O earth, is there a grave
To rest the troubles in
Which mortals here must brave,
If they would conquer sin?"

With staring downcast eyes
He poured his heart out there,
He heavenward turned his cries,
And heavenward turned his prayer.

Not such as Israel raved
On Carmel's fertile hill,
Nor Magus when he craved
Heaven's power to do his will.

Nor did he strive to prove
That he was just and free,
But humbly lisped in love,
In faith, sincerity.

He praying, fell asleep,
And dreamed an angel came,
Whose voice was sweet and deep,
Who called him by his name.

He heard, he saw, he felt,
And hid his face for fear;
Unknowingly he knelt
When the messenger stood near.

“O holy one, reprove
Not now my yearning soul,”
Said he, “but do remove
My woes and make me whole.

“Mine only son was slain
By bloody, violent hands,
Who hold law in disdain,
Who spurn God’s great commands.”

“Lives there,” the angel saith,
“A man of prayer, of toil,
His deeds wrought out by faith,
No sorrows can despoil?

“Oh servant, peace, thy God
Loves patient, suffering man ;
He seals him with his rod ;
Bear you each stroke, you can.

“With all thy cares relieved,
From all thy burdens free,
With blessings all received,
What would thy future be ?

“They shall go forth through earth
Vile murderers marked with blood :
Their hands, their conscience, heart
Are dyed with sacred blood.”

“O comforter divine,
Thou art a spirit blessed,
Thou knewest the words of mine
Before my mouth confessed.

“I'll die to evil deeds
Which shut out joy and light,
And bear whate'er must needs
Be born, by day or night.

“Though laws condemn them not,
God's eye hath seen their crime ;
He hates the nation's blot—
I will abide His time.”

The twilight calmly fell ;
He wakened from his dream
And felt that all was well
While God was on the scene.

Oft hath the merry moon
Smiled on the earth since then,
Not oft hath such a boon
Been granted him again.

INVOCATION.

Father, our hearts are sad,
Our feet have grown weary
Following death's cheerless wake;
The day grows dreary—
O Father, bear us up.

Father, the darkness around
Conceals not forever
From us thy love-glowing face;
Through life's endeavor,
O Father, bear us up.

Father, to Thee would we soar,
But earth claims the mortal—
Knowing thy mercy and love,
Let us thy portal
Pass through and live with Thee.

Praising, we look up to Thee,
For Thou canst console us;
Faith is the triumph of love—
Wilt Thou control us
And make our temples Thine.

HUMANITY'S CRY.

Give me more light of life ;
Something to keep me in the days beyond,
That Conscience, 'mid the strife,
Speaks of and is so fond.

Die ! I cannot, cannot ;
Once into being I cannot retract.
The path I came forgot,
I cannot trace it back.

But I have often heard
That I may grow into my Maker's Image
By loving deed and word,
By looking to the fruitage.

I thirst, give me to drink
Of that Life-fountain which new vigor gives,
Which helps a man to think,
To master while he lives.

THE MAGIC STONE.

Upon it glowed a light so pure and calm,
 Around it sat gay children and the sire,
And that fair angel with her quiet charm
 Her influence gave to shape them and inspire.

Around it the wayfarer often sat
 And felt uplifted by its purity,
The turmoils of the sire were there forgot;
 'Tis there that he his very best would be.

And mingled with their growth and upward strife
 Were love and wisdom, toil and duty sown;
Not left to fathom out the depths of life,
 But cared for as the rarest jewels known.

Oh suddenly, behold a miracle!
 Sweet childhood's visions are so broken upon.
Within looms up the largeness of the soul,
 And powers infinite ever leading on.

Transfiguration! 'tis the very deed.
 One is the servant of his fellowmen.
As lord or king him earth's great nations heed—
 Will he wear shining robes or robes of sin?

'Tis said man's deeds are but the deeds of youth
 Portrayed on larger canvas. Then whene'er
We must needs teach, let's teach the simple truth,
 And teach it without faltering or fear.

If we return again to Paradise,
Home is the gateway and the angel there
Stands not with flaming sword to drive us thence
But she directs with joy, with toil, with care.

THE NEW CIVILIZATION.

The crowning glory of the age is pow'r;
More pow'r to break each record's bounds,
More pow'r in forms of government,
More pow'r that moths corrupt,
More pow'r to disprove truth.
And can it be amid the strife
That we forget our fellowman
And crush him like the writhing worm?
Within the glare of all our light
We stumble and befoul ourselves,
Lead generations into sin.
And yet we boast of our great might,
And yet we boast of purity,
We boast of Christianity.
Who hath not willed to scan some daily sheet
But that his mind must backward turn
To Inquisition and to Robespierre?
For ere his task was o'er
His eyes fell on—oh horror—deeds of blood
And violence and orgies such as they
Who worship Astarte and Juggernaut would
spurn.

Do all the peoples work their will through blood?
'Tis true, too true.
I hear the moans of tarred and feathered victims,
I see them writhing, as the flames leap up

And snatch their breath and char their swarthy frames.

Around them crowd the women, children, men,
The best, the citizens of worth,
Who seize a bone or shriveled piece of flesh
To keep the sacred act in memory,
While some revile the charred remains.

O Father, who in heaven resides, dost Thou
Behold this with Thine eye that loves not evil;
Are these the creatures that were made by Thee?
They shall not suffer by the law,
For they have done no violence;
But by Thy just decrees, O God,
They shall be judged, nor one escape.
Better that the victim pay the penalty
Than to escape with guilt upon him writ;
But see to it that Law is justified
And reverence for the Law's demands upheld.

Shall constitutions stand or shall they fall?
Shall education cease or shall it thrive?
Shall governments be just or shall they rule
By the caprice of passion?
What gives the Century new eyes
So that it can see what the past knew not?
What miracle is wrought upon its ears
That it can hear the secrets long concealed?
'Tis the harmonious work of brain and heart
Building on all past knowledge.
No people can the front rank reach and hold
Among the best of earth,
Without the cultivated mind.
The mind makes man a slave or lord,

Lord of himself and earth or passions' slave—
Dread Legislation cannot make him so.

This Age is wise enough to point the bounds
Of Mind, her height, her depth.
Much wiser in this than the Creator.
The fish, the bird, the earth and heaven itself
May be approached by Mind, yea God himself.
Has not each bar set by the Past
Been torn away and ruthlessly trod down?
This Age must know 'tis not less so.
The lesser mind may ever feel
The strong hand of the greater,
Whether 'tis heavy or light;
The weaker should not die for lack of love.
It should be nourished till it mighty grows.
New? 'Tis not new. 'Tis but the story told
By Passion which each Age
Relates when it reveals itself.
Who finds himself weak and oppressed
Seeks the oppressor's strength.

THE YOUTH AND THE CRYSTAL MAID.

INTRODUCTION.

Adown the ages comes the wail,
“Save, save, my youthful son
Who follows his father’s trail;
O save from shame mine only one!
O heartless man, take back the cup
That’s filled with sparkling death,
Death to the intellect, the flesh, the soul!”

IN THE SALON.

Youth.

The music trembles and inspires me,
The dance has filled me with subdued delight,
But none compare with thee, oh Crystal Maid;
To touch thy lips but once is worth them all.
’Tis like a soothing balsam unto me,
It gives me wisdom which the brain doth lack.

Crystal Maid.

Whence art thou? Who art thou? Have I
known thee?

Youth.

I saw thee first within a gilded hall
Where burned a thousand burnished, dreamy
lamps.

And many were the guests in neat attire,
And all gave forth a quiet, formal chat.

Crystal Maid.

I have been there but I've forgotten thee.

Youth.

How well do I remember the good cheer
You gave to each companion. One gray man
Who thought 'twas wisdom not to honor thee
Was dull and silent, seemed possessed with fear.

Crystal Maid.

But I am growing old and faded now.

Youth.

So often hast thou filled my home with joy
That I have learned to love thee more since then;
Thou hast come nearer to my heart each year.
Age cannot mar thy beauty nor thy charm,
Nor steal away thy strength and purity—
O let me taste of thee but once again.

Crystal Maid.

Whatever thou will'st 'tis so, thou art the judge.

Youth.

Who would resist thy charm? Thou art so good
And beautiful, so pleasing to each sense.
In every age mankind has worshipped thee—
The slave, the freeman, prince and emperor;
Why should I fail of thy best joy for me?

Crystal Maid.

I grant it till thy heart is satiate.

His Guardian Angel.

Watch thou, watch thou,
Youth, oh youth,
Go not one step more;
Thou'l be in the abyss before
Thou knowest the truth.
But see the mighty men,
See poor and rich men,
Cast down to death and hell
By her dread power.
Made barren Luxury's board,
Destroyed the poor man's hoard;
She hath robbed children
Of mind and soul,
Enclosed the dying mother
Deep in a pauper's grave.
"Dishonor, dishonor,"
Is her triumphant song.

IN THE SALOON.

Youth.

What are these forms I see
That move so humanly,
But have such fiery eyes,
Such thin and pallid faces,
Such keen, but scentless noses,
And such misshapen forms?
And must that shameless form
Be called by that divine name, woman?
Them no Creator made,
They are the work of man,

The work of heartless man,
Who barters in men's souls
For a paltry sum of gold.

Crystal Maid.

Come youth, and sate thyself
(Since thou dost follow me),
I'll give thee such a life
As thou hast never known.

Youth.

Are these thy worshippers
That have such vacant stares,
And utter such vain things,
And wallow in the mire?

Crystal Maid.

They're what they chose to be,
But you must follow me;
You sought me ere I knew,
Now I return to thee
Such love that draws thee on.
Oft I have given thee joy
And wiped away thy sighs,
Hast thou not felt the charm—
But taste my lips again.

Youth.

Thou art so pleasant, sweet,
And thou dost give me love
That I cannot resist,
Now I am wed to thee.

AFTERWARDS.

Youth.

How changed! I once was full of life.
I cannot bear the strife
That lifts, nor can defy
The power that drags me down.
How dull my brain—What stains my hands?
It is my wife and children's blood,
Deep dyed. It is not true, it cannot be
That I have slain those dear to me;
Dishonor to my neighbors, friends have brought.
The heavens frown,
Forbid me there to dwell.
O Maiden, 'tis thy work!
Maiden? Demon! and thou the queen of hell!
Whose imitation, look are mockery—
Thy sceptre has a thousand ends.
Thou gavest me weakness for my strength,
Thou gavest me poverty for wealth,
Thou gavest a burdened heart for joy,
Thou gavest forgetfulness for memory,
Thou gavest the gutter for a palace,
Thou gavest disgrace for honor, power;
Thou gavest vain babbling, called it wisdom;
Thou gavest contention, called it peace;
Thou gavest me tinsel, called it fame;
Thou gavest me vice for purity—
The last is hell for heaven.
What hollow mockery!

Crystal Maid.

'Tis rest you need, all may end well.

Youth.

Rest? Rest in the grave?
No: there no power can save.
And shall hell cover me
With all its terror?
You gave me wisdom? Folly, death;
Your folly now hath seized my soul.
O thou, who heard the thief
Whose last expiring breath was prayer,
Oh purge and lift my soul
Up from that death eternal.

Grace.

Saved by his blood this hour,
Saved by Eternal Power;
But sons of men, 'tis best
To toil up to thy rest
From earliest days of youth.

Requiem.

'Tis done, 'tis done,
Earth's bounds are passed
And heaven is won.

Let not earth say
"His deeds were evil,
And left a sigh."

But scorn the gain
That wrought his ruin,
That caused his pain.

Earth may be more pure
Since he has passed,
How can it endure,

While the evil still
Fills home and dive
By the people's will?

Were she a foe
Or a dreadful plague,
She must needs go.

Yet she is worse
Than both of these,
Five times a curse.

She makes her demands
On each generation
In all the lands.

The promising sons
And the saintly maids
Are her choice ones.

Won't one great nation
Beneath the sun
Rise up and crush her?

HERACLES.

Dramatis personae.

Heracles, son of Alcmene.

Laomedon.

Apollo.

Poseidon.

Hesione, daughter of Laomedon.

Priam,

Bucolion,

Tithonus,

Lampus,

Clytius,

Hicetaon,

Telamon, a commander.

Dunakos.

Philos.

Abas,

Deicoon,

Daedus, an elder of Troy.

Helicaon, a Trojan noble.

Proteus, a soothsayer.

A High Priest.

Pythoness.

Priest of Apollo.

Herald.

Gate-keeper.

Naiades.

Attendants, musicians, councilors, heroes, soldiers.

ACT I.

Scene I. Apollo and Poseidon walking around
the walls of Troy.

Apollo.

'Tis done. These goodly walls and pillared gates
Stand forth in their completeness, every tow'r
Unfolds its strength and beauty: none but gods
Conceive and execute so rapidly.

Poseidon.

If we deigned not to minister to man,
To teach him to look upward for his help,
To suffer and endure for hope of gain,
They all would faint and would accomplish
naught,
Their brain would fill with brutish ignorance.
'Tis good; no shock proceeding from my throne
Will wreck it with destructive violence,
Nor shapeless winds o'erthrow it from its base.

Apollo.

Since Leto gave me forth unto my toils
I have essayed to give to purblind man
The light of justice, light to purify
Himself and know his very guilty self;
Too, beauty, strength of deed have I impressed.

Poseidon.

These streams that glide and flow harmoniously,
That mingle each with each then cast their flood
Into my realm, are beauteous, and thus
The other thousands do continually.

How rich with wrecks of earth and wave I grow,
A thousand ages have my coffers filled,
And I have given back to them full store.
I first gave rain and dew to thirsty earth,
Thus made her pregnant with the plants of life,
And first bore ships unto a foreign strand.

Naiades, singing in the distance.

Thou lord of light, thou king of sea,
Offspring divine, yet humanly,
To help, each dost appear.
The light that comes to earth and brain,
The storm that shakes the earth and main,
Your blessings bear.
New Troy, 'twixt Simois and Scamander
Shall be besieged with great disaster,
Before her gates shall many a herald
Stand forth and challenge men to peril.
And many a combat shall be there
Between the brave, about the fair.

Apollo.

Good prophecy, good prophecy I hear,
The depth of which is deep and very true.
Man should not know it nor the future know
But as it comes to him in vague outlines ;
Already he is his own enemy,
Then he would turn this weapon on himself,
For then he would resort to foolish means
To change the gods' decrees to change his fate,
And thus destroy himself and all his race.

Scene II. Laomedon's palace within the city.

(Laomedon, Hesione, Helicaon, a priest, court, attendants.)

Apollo.

Now Ilion looks upon the sea secure ;
'Tis finished and a goodly city 'tis,
Well fitted for the dwelling-place of gods.
Here father Zeus might raise a lofty throne
And bless her people with his mighty presence.
Oft shall Aurora smile upon her walls
As opens she the gates of heaven at dawn,
And say that as she traveled through her course
She hath not seen a happier, harder race.
Horae, unfold the palace gates of that
Celestial home and let the deities
Come earthward and behold this handiwork.

Laomedon.

Indeed we are secure within our realm,
Inclosed with walls built by your hands divine ;
We can repel our foes, protect our kin.
Our thanks to you, oh condescending gods,
You shall have all that human love can give.
Beneath Ionic columns you shall dwell
Within a shady grove, where reverence, awe
Abide, and altars there for worshippers,
And white-fleeced sacrifices shall be slain,
And as the flame ascends before your throne
A full libation, frankincense shall mix
Therewith to sate you with its pleasantness.
The laurel and the ivy shall entwine
To honor you at every festival.

Helicaon.

Grant me to speak but once, my king.

Laomedon.

Speak on.

Helicaon to Apollo.

May not a slave, a bondman speak to thee?
Such wisdom, might, do all thy works display;
So wondrous are they to the people's eyes.
Aye, let thy favor follow king and slave.

To Poseidon.

O thou who dwellest in the troubled sea,
Bear not the ships that come with fatal hate,
But be propitious to our merchandise,
And let thy waves lave peacefully our shores.
You both are generous to this new-born race.

Laomedon.

Let's to the banquet hall and feast.

(He leads into the banquet hall. Musicians play as they enter.)

High Priest.

I have made sacrifice unto the gods,
Within the public places giving thanks,
Imploring still their aid, protection kind.
The people bowed in homage unto them,
Sent heavenward with the savor many a prayer,
And as the altars blazed, the sacred rites
Were well completed. Save us, oh ye gods!

Hesione sings to an accompaniment of the lyre.

I.

God of the golden lyre,
God who the prophets gave,
Thou god who dost inspire
With valor all the brave,
I sing, I sing.

Thy trembling music seized
Stones that were still till then,
Made them move as it pleased
The sight of gods and men,—
Oh work divine.

When thy full radiant light
Brings blessings to our door
Plucked from the hand of night,
We ever, evermore
Rejoice, rejoice.

Through life's wide, swinging gate
We come in touch with thee,
And onward soon and late
Pursue the deity
Who with us dwells.

Send not thy fatal dart
That pierces through the soul,
But bear us in thy heart,
Commend us to the roll
Of deathless heroes.

II.

God of the restless wave,
In earthquake, storm and mist
Thy mighty steps we trace,
We see the keels you burst,—
How terrible!

Befriend our mariners
Upon the treacherous deep,
Defend the voyagers,
And give them restful sleep
That will renew.

Scene III. In the council-chamber of the palace.

(Apollo, Poseidon, Laomedon, High Priest,
councilors.)

Laomedon.

What's due?

Apollo.

Thou knowest the reward, I trow,
For well 'twas sealed and bargained long ago,
What our reward was to build up these walls.

Laomedon.

It cannot be that you demand it still?

Poseidon.

Should we not justly claim what we have earned?

Laomedon.

Earned? When you worked you used your godly power.

Apollo.

Yes, for your benefit, for your defence;
For this we raised the walls which compass you.

Laomedon.

And shall gods condescend to this, that they
Must beg some gift from mortals for their kind
And gentle ministries? Ought they not give
Full service and ask naught? Created man
In weakness, taught him to look up for help,
Then shall he pay the cost, whate'er it be,
When this inherent monitor directs?
It is not just. Had I come into being
By my premeditation, then would I
Direct myself, be bound unto no gods.

Poseidon.

But thou art bound unto the gods nor can
Escape them while they from Olympus rule
The human race. The gods will ever be
As ages roll.

Apollo.

Do justice, give what's due.

Laomedon.

What value can man render to a god?

Apollo.

Not might nor virtue, nor of wisdom's store,
But to do justice in his every deed,
To tend him upward to the highest good,
Is pleasant and existence justified.

Laomedon.

The day of recompense to gods is past.

High Priest.

Vex not the gods to ire, good master, it
Is better far to give a just reward
And have good will and have prosperity,
And have these gods protect this new-born race,
Than bid them go with all their vengeance, wrath,
Pent in their heart, which in some unknown hour
Will vent itself upon us and destroy.
Who knows but that some alien race may come
To give us to the grave and take our seat.
Then we will need the aid of these estranged.

Laomedon.

Look to that hour when that hour doth appear.

Poseidon.

No further parley will we have of it.
Ye scatterlings of Ilus, from this day
Ye shall know that I'm just unto the just
But will injustice break with iron hand.

Apollo.

From Ida shall descend the fatal dart
And pierce the old, the young, the low, the high;
Long shall you yearn to expiate the crime
Committed by your own perfidious king.

(*Exeunt Apollo and Poseidon. The clang of
Apollo's shield is heard.*)

High Priest.

Ah, woeful day to king and populace ;
The gods have frowned upon a kingly race,
Their every gesture threatened violence.
Shall we be driven from the face of earth
To take abode where gloomy Aides reigns ;
With that grim robber of terrestrial joys ?
Retract thy last decision, noble king,
Let this not rest upon us —

Laomedon.

Go thy way,

Attend thy offices as thou wast wont.
From Zeus my line sprang, and his thunderous
arm

Shall be a wall about impregnable ;
Let him forestall the threatened violence.
Let some good wine undo the oppressive hour
Within the banquet chamber, every soul
Must eat and drink and sing and merry be.
The gods require of us our very best
Of fatlings and first-fruits and service too ;
'Tis robbery, for what in recompense
Give they ? I could live long without their aid,
Be a sufficiency within myself.
I must in part be god, god was my father.

ACT II.

Scene I. In the temples, streets and houses
of Troy.

(Deicoon, Abas, citizens of Troy. High Priest
of Apollo.)

Abas.

What say you ?

Deicoon.

'Tis a dreadful day to us.
The house I left this morning in full haste
Was full of silent death, and every way
I trod was full of mourning agony.
How thickly and fast fell Apollo's darts
Upon my home, on all was dear to me!
Beseems me now that one doth pierce my frame;
My hope is to escape, for to his shrine
I will repair and lay hold of the horns,
And if I must depart from Earth's domain,
It will be there.

Abas.

See here, vast heaps of men
And fair-born women, youths so promising,
Who, fleeing to the altar for protection,
Were overtaken by the fatal shafts.
Here lie our cattle stricken by the way,—
Alas, alas! Here lies a goodly youth
Who might have taught the nation wisdom, truth,
Or won the glory of the laurel crown.
Poseidon too hath loosed his serpents dread,
Bade them devour us like so many beasts.
How many obolus to pay for toll!
Ah, poor Areton, many a glorious deed
Of valor hast thou added to our state!
Where'er the challenge called to arms your
strength
Was centered there and fast the enemy
Around thee fell. No more shall it be thus,
For thou hast gone the way of all the earth.

(They enter the temple grove.)

Deicoon.

How vast the throng, how frantic are their cries,
How they press to the altar with their grief!
The priest in sable robes hath shed the blood
Of many a black sheep for the relentless king.

Abas.

Yon altar is Apollo's, let's draw nigh.

(Citizens wailing around the altar.)

High Priest.

Upon the altar and this great concourse,
A hardy race, whom now the gods destroy,
I sprinkle holy water to purify.
Let all draw to Apollo's altar here,
Implore him to avert the pestilence.
We lift to thee, oh Sminthean deity,
Our feeble voice, now hear us as we pray,
See humbled, mourning, dying here this race,
Afflicted by the wrath of mighty gods.
Have pity, let this sacrifice, the souls
That have been pierced and trodden down
appease.

Scene II. Laomedon's bed-chamber.

(Laomedon, Daedus, an elder of Troy; Proteus,
a soothsayer.)

Laomedon.

And has the plague reached forth and seized on
thee,
My Caledore, who, during my life-voyage,
Has been so faithful? All thy sons are sad,
Thy daughter weeps, thy husband is borne down.

How cruel was the shaft that silenced thee ;
How deeply it hath pierced and torn my heart !
I fain would follow thee, but earth still claims
My toil and presence. May the mighty gods
Grant thee a seat in company with them
And crown thy labors with immortal life.
O Caledore, I am not far from thee,
My hand now trembles and my form is bent ;
Drink not of Lethe but sit thou and wait,
If not a goddess, on that shore where laves
The calm, blue ocean, that Elysian Isle.
Here I have loved thee, then a love more pure
Shall bind our souls and make them all secure.
The wrath of gods will never reach us there.
Vicissitudes are but for earthly days.
Not long, not long till I am ferried there.

(Enters Daedus, an elder of Troy.)

Daedus.

Most noble king, Apollo's fatal darts
Are filling every place with dread and death.
Poseidon's monsters fill us with alarm ;
My mission is to seek the king's advice.

Laomedon.

Too it hath struck me ; see. (He points to Caledore's corpse.)

Daedus.

My king, my king !

(Enters Proteus, a soothsayer.)

Laomedon.

Here comes the man to comfort with advice.
Good Proteus, now tell us what to do.
I am cast down by all that has transpired,
And know not whither but to turn to thee.

Proteus.

Amid my nightly slumbers I have seen
A silver bow rise up from Tenedos
And settle o'er the city with its light,
But ere I looked upon it long, gave place
To murky, lurid clouds that muttered deep.
I saw the people run in frenzied haste
To seek the shrines and temples, but the storm
Heaped many in the streets and in their homes.
As I came here it seemed the very sight.

Laomedon.

What shall we do?

Proteus.

I cannot think nor tell.
Already on the native altars smoke
The hecatombs till priests fall at the altars.
The entrails nor the flight of birds give sign.
Our last resort is to the Delphian voice.

Laomedon.

Thither betake thyself, good Proteus ;
Inquire thou there what will appease these gods,
For we are vexed. How varied is this life !
Our fairest, all that's sacred, dearly loved,
Are taken and is left us shattered hopes.

We sail but on the verge of happiness,
But near the shore where many dangers hide
And wreck our little boat ere we launch out,
While far beyond the deep, calm ocean lies.

Scene III. At the oracle of Delphi.

(Proteus, Pythoness, Priest of Apollo.)

Proteus.

Good priest, my city Troy is sorely stricken
And naught of sacrifice or prayer avails.
The oracle alone can point the way.

(The Pythoness adjusts the tripod and chews laurel leaves. Being seized with a sudden frenzy, she calls to the priest and mutters something to him which is interpreted by the priest as the will and demand of the deity.)

Priest of Apollo to Proteus.

The first and last-born princess of your king,
The star and pride of false Laomedon
Must be made fast upon the Aegean rock,
Till there devoured by the sea-monster's maw.

ACT III.

Scene I. Laomedon's palace.

(Laomedon, Hesione.)

Laomedon.

Must I too from thee part, life of my life,
And wilt thou e'er return to me again?
Alas, no more, for on thy vital parts
The monster will feed long to appease the gods.

Oft hast thou cheered me in the purple dawn,
Oft in the twilight have thy gentle touch
And tender voice brought peace unto my soul.
How grows my grief as I remember it.
Long have I watched o'er thee, a father's care,
A father's ardent love bestowed—alas, alas!
Could vengeance of earth's mortals fall on gods
Today I would cast out a heavy hand,
And hurl Olympus with his occupants
Deep in the depths of Lethe's sullen flood.

Hesione.

Grieve not, my father, that my lot is thus,
But kiss me once again and happy be;
I am well armed and ready for the woe.
Glad am I that he chose from royal blood
The sacrifice and that I fill the choice.
Oh let me suffer for the populace,
Grant that their agonies may fall on me;
I love them and they seem so much distressed.
My life is little, more than worthless, if
It does not give the greatest service that
It can and let its deeds bless other lives.
In greater service greater honor is.
Our toil is but the dignity of life,
Our labor is the nourishment of life,
Our service is the glory-crown of life,
Worthless the deed that costs no toil or pain.

Laomedon.

Could I but take thy place and die for thee
Glad would I do it. I have brought this on—
Ah woe the day that I incurred the wrath
Of gods upon my head, my house, my race.

Hesione.

Your grieving bears me down. Though I am
gone
I will not die to thee and all thy love.
If I cannot behold thy face, daily
Thy thoughts shall dwell on me, when nightly
roams
Thy spirit it shall visit me in love.

Scene II. A rock in the Aegean Sea.
(Hesione, Dunakos, Philos.)

Philos.

Pity the fair one that must suffer thus.

Dunakos.

Naught can avail by pity but more grief.
It may look cruel that the gods demand
So much to expiate for one offence.

Philos.

'Tis cruel to so bind a tender form.

Dunakos.

Look to thy words. Dost thou revile the gods?
Say, do not all just retribution meet?
'Tis meet, 'tis meat, 'tis mete—the gods know all.
Perchance you burn your hand it gives you pain,
You kill your neighbor law and conscience smite,
You dissipate 'tis written in your face,
You eat too much it fills you with alarm.
There is a destiny to mortal man,
We reap our own and in just recompense;
How often it is paid with usury.

Philos.

Say what foul deed Hesione hath done?

Dunakos.

Not one misdeed, she bears her father's folly.
He thought to make him rich and cheat the gods
But hath lost multifold more than was due.
He is just like so many parents blind,
Who exercise no care upon their acts
And think them just till their iniquities
Ask justice of their children, then the tears
Come like a flood, grief weighs them down.
Why don't these beings so direct their ways
That no dishonor will cling to their line
While here they live or when life's day is done?

Hesione.

Why censure him for that, 'tis done, 'tis done.

Philos.

I cannot answer thee, but oft 'tis true
That folly is the life-thread of a man,
And he must weave his folly or his loom
Stands idle, there's naught else that he can do.
We sorrowing must take our leave of thee.

(*Philos* and *Dunakos* row away.)

Hesione.

'Tis by the choice of gods and my own will
That I have come to this—O gods, O will—
Naught but the power of gods and one's weak self
Combined can lead to his appointment; no,
It does not rest in foreign elements.
He that is noble, virtuous wills to be,
His will is but a life-spring in himself.
Though passion-sieged each hour he doth resist,
More noble and more virtuous grows, till all

His looks, his words, his deeds, his very self
Let virtue's radiance shine forth to the world.
On many a beam our destiny is poised,
If, in the care and toil and strife of life,
It overturns one minim, we must fall
And suffer loss. Glad am I that I clung
To purity and its attendant blessings,
And bear no mark of gods' or man's reproach.
Wed to this rock I must forever pine
In agony nor my woes mitigate.
Shall all the joys of home be me denied,
The love of man and his companionship,
The prattle of the child upon my breast—
My soul relents but will its burden bear.

ACT IV.

Scene I. In the bed-chamber of the palace.
Laomedon, a priest and altar are discovered there.

(Enter Heracles.)

Heracles.

As from my vict'ry o'er the Amazons
I home return, I come within thy walls
To greet thee, sovereign of this new-walled realm.
How happy is the king thus hedged about,
Him I congratulate, such good defense
That he must needs have rest from enemies.

Laomedon.

Thy greeting I receive; but Troy, her walls
Mention them not, they have cost me too dear—
How often true that beauty costs too dear.

Heracles.

What hath cast down the king?

Laomedon.

But look upon
The leanness of my people and the graves,
The empty dreariness of this house here,
Forsaken by unnumbered household gods.

Heracles.

Wherfore all this? Are all the fanes torn down
Where once the blood of sacrifices flowed?

Laomedon.

Naught in this last calamity availed
But—ah woe—that I should give up for aye
My only daughter to Poseidon's monster,
My dear beloved one, dear Hesione,
And now she suffers on the Aegean rock.
I cannot long endure the heavy weight.

Heracles.

Wherfore?

Laomedon.

Ah well the gods have not that love
For unprotected mortals that they ought.
Their kindnesses should rest on this nor ask
A recompense.

Heracles.

Withhold not of their dues.

Laomedon.

They should let offerings come of willingness.

Heracles.

True, very true. Can naught avail for her?

Laomedon.

I know not what to do or say for her.
Could I deliver her but for a day
I'd give my kingdom as a trifle small.

Heracles.

Canst thou make bargains sure?

Laomedon.

Most sure.

Heracles.

Then I

Have this to say to thee. Trust this to me
And in three days she shall be in thy palace.

Laomedon.

The Oracle hath spoken the decree.
Can aught of earth divert it from the truth?
Ye gods, who with your vengeance blot my love,
Grant but a respite to her troubled soul,
Thus will ye merit all my love again.

Heracles.

Trust it to me. But one small recompense
I ask.

Laomedon.

Son of Alcmene, name it once.

Heracles.

Ere Troy had stood on her foundations long,
Tros, thy great father, once received from Zeus
Those wondrous horses that excel by far
The puny things of earth; so beautiful,
And fleet as winged fowl—but give me them,
I will deliver her.

Laomedon.

My seal on it,
They shall be yours, if you deliver her.
Let all the gods be judge 'twixt me and thee,
Let all their maledictions on my head
Be cast, if I am faithless to my seal.

Heracles.

Thy seal is set, my honor is upon it.

Laomedon.

Canst thou disjoint the bonds, good Heracles,
And bring her hither from the cursed rock?
True that thou from the chief of gods wast born,
The godly ichor courses through thy form,
But venture not to vie with them in strength
Lest they be vexed and hurl thee to despair
Or make her woes more dreadful than they are.

Heracles.

Trust all to me. Oft have my purposes
And footsteps crossed the will and plans of gods,
But on I boldly ventured till I won.

Laomedon.

Beware lest this thy last transgression be.

Heracles.

I'll tread my path.

Laomedon.

Well, 'tis a bargain sealed.
Let sacrifice and prayer be hourly made
Unto the gods to favor Heracles.
See to it, priest, nor scant the flow of wine.

(Priest at the altar in the same room.)

Here at thy altar, Zeus,
I humbly supplicate
Thy strong arm for our use
In what we undertake.
Oh look with favor thou
On Heracles, thy son,
Help him make true the vow
To rescue that dear one.

Strike off her captive chains
And slay the monster fierce,
Heal all her wounds and pains
Which torture, pierce.
Then shall our hearts rejoice
And all thy altars bare
Shall smoke with sacrifice,
Thy power declare.

Scene II. Heracles near the rock.

(Heracles, Hesione.)

Hesione in the distance.

How my soul aches. How miserable it is
To know not one god that will pity me
Nor give me one kind look, not one comrade
That ventures near to cheer me with a word.
In truth 'tis better, for their freedom, joy,
Would make the deeper wounds, increase my
woes.

I here before the thronèd host of heaven
Do nightly make complaints, and when the morn
Returns I still am vexed with grief.
On me the monster preys and ceases not—
Am I immortal that I cannot die?
Ye gods, how cruel to deny the boon!
Would that I were a stone on Ida's peak,
Or resting in some deep and gloomy cave,
Where neither gods nor mortals' care could reach.

(Heracles draws near.)

What now, some other torture drawing nigh?

Heracles.

Nay, fair-born maiden, dread me not, I come
To slay the monster, free thee from his pangs.

Hesione.

Nay; I am doomed to pine and suffer here.

Heracles.

Yield not yet to despair, my shafts are fatal,
Their mark is sure. I shall give battle to him
With confidence that victory is mine,
But not till I am vanquished shalt thou fear.

Hesione.

Endanger not thyself for me, I beg.
I hold not life so dear that I would live
Upon the bones of my brave fellowmen.
Spend not thy strength in vain for worthless me.

Heracles.

Trust all to me and all will be secure.
Nine battles have I waged and victory
Hath favored me each time. I'm Heracles
That speak—

(The monster emerges from the water and Heracles, having shot him with three poisonous arrows, overcomes him. He breaks the bonds which hold Hesione and rows away with her in the boat.)

Scene III. Laomedon's palace.

(Laomedon, Heracles, Hesione, High Priest,
Musicians, court attendants.)

Laomedon, embracing her.

You are my daughter, yes once more my child,
Hesione, snatched from the maw of Aides,
Restored to me with all thy purity.
Praise to the mighty Heracles whose arm
Gave thee deliverance. Let the music ring
Till every vaulted chamber echoes joy.

(Musicians play.)

High Priest.

Apollo, let the sacrifices slain
Our votive be to thee, a covenant
Between thee and this people evermore.
Now reconciled, show favor unto us.

(All hymn to Apollo.)

Hail to Apollo,
The god of light,
Whose arrows bring sorrow,
Whose wisdom gives might.
We joy when we please him,
We sigh when we grieve him
And move him to wrath.

Hail to Apollo,
Delight of home,
Him blessings follow
Whenever he come,
If all that is due him
Is given unto him
With will and abundance.

Thanks to Apollo,
The merciful,
For he doth allow
The broken and sorrowful
Who know of injustice
And put it in practice,
To win back his favor.

Scene IV. In the council-chamber of the palace.

(Laomedon, Heracles, Priam and other sons present, Hesione.)

Heracles.

I must depart now, other tasks await.
It is my purpose to receive my prize.

Laomedon.

Stay thou, good Heracles. My wide domain
Looks longingly to thee and bids thee stay.
Thou hast restored our souls to pleasant peace.

Heracles.

Nay, I cannot; for I am bound by oath.

Laomedon.

An oath is nothing to the son of gods.

Heracles.

Yea, it is much to me. When I espoused
The cause of Virtue she joined to my word.

Laomedon.

The horses cannot go just at this season.

Heracles.

What? Wherefore this delay? Laomedon,
Once thou wast sore distressed, thy daughter
bound
For aye where the sea-monster preyed on her.
Both I delivered, and is this my pay?

Laomedon.

Good Heracles, seem you to understand?
When Zeus sent down this wondrous gift from
heaven
To my forefather he expressly bade
That they should not depart from Ilus' line,
That they be fed our honey every day.

Heracles.

Why thought you not on this command before?

Laomedon.

In my deep hour of grief I promised this.
Then I was blind and not considerate;
The good faith promises of deep distress
May justly be withheld by leisure thoughts.
Mark how the gods do promise every good
And we poor fools rush on to seize our share,
But haply some transgression we permit,
Then we receive the pangs of flesh and soul.

Heracles.

Then you are following in the wake of gods?

Laomedon.

As they direct. As they teach virtue so
I live; as they teach vice, I practice it.

Heracles.

You might live by your virtue while vice kills.

Hesione.

O father, I beseech thee withhold naught!
Remember how the pestilence did thrive
Till sated by the thousands; think, thy wife
Consumed by it, then to my torture turn,
Wouldst thou not give this pittance as 'twas
sealed?

Laomedon.

But hold thy tongue, brood not the past to life,
Ought I not fear the gods much more than man?

Heracles.

Make not pretensions to such godly virtue
As only dwells upon thy lying tongue.

Hesione, falling at his feet

O father, save thy people from his wrath!
His frowning look fills me with deep alarm.

Laomedon.

Fear not, my child; I see you are untaught
In worldly wisdom and in worldly ways.

Priam.

I beg thee, father, for thy honor's sake,
Let Heracles with all due him depart.
He hath well earned it. While we trembled here
Not venturing to look upon the child,
He rescued her and brought her back again.
I, next upon the throne, do willingly
Relinquish all my heirship on the prize.
Let not his wrath on us abide this day.

Laomedon.

I will not yield. My will is king and law,
I will not give this godly gift to man.

High Priest.

Again bring not upon us, ingrate king,
What vengeance can cast down. There is reward
Of virtue and of vice that will not end
Within the actor, but the throng around
Must rise or fall with him. If virtuous deeds
Are done, all will be well, he proves him worth
The cause of his existence; if vice rule,
The actor and his friends are sore distressed,
He who receives and his friends are distressed,
Thus many innocent must suffer too.
Man's deeds are not contained within himself;
If they fell on one muddled head alone,
Ten thousand cups of sorrow would be joy
And earth would be more like the blessed isles.
But they like brooklets which to rivers run,
Which outspread, gather others in their flood,
Then flow on peacefully or toss their flood
On rocks below the fatal precipice.
Hard for the son cursed with a father's curse,
Hard for the people bound with galling yoke
To leaders that have not one moral scruple,
Who barter to the rabble those they lead,
Or more, consign them utterly to death,
The death of things that make a manly race,
To fill their coffers, make their bellies fat.
Woe to thee, griffin, seven times seven woe!

Laomedon.

Though all the world should utter double curse
Upon this king, he would not once relent.
Remonstrances are vain, my mind is fixed,
And he alone who fixed it can unfix.

(The soothsayer enters.)

Soothsayer.

O king, the augury to-day goes ill,
The plight of faith which this day calls to count
Must be redeemed in faith or judgment sure
Befall the one who breaks a solemn vow.

Heracles.

Perfidious king, the harvest of your folly
Was garnered once with many a sheaf of rue;
Think not this time 'twill bring Hymettian food.
The world shall know a false king lived and
wrought
Destruction for himself and those he ruled.
Earth shall not long sustain thee. When again
I cross thy threshold, know thy days shall end
And every tongue shall wail, "Alas, our king!"

(Exit Heracles.)

Laomedon.

Let every instrument resound, again
The storm is passed and we will now be glad.
Think not that ill shall come while Zeus is
pleased.

(Musicians play.)

ACT V.

Scene I. Heracles with his army in camp before
the walls of Troy.

(Heracles, Telamon, Herald, gatekeeper, soldiers, heroes.)

Heracles making an offering to Pallas Athene.
Thou who came forth arrayed with battled arms
From my own father, give us favor now,
Accept this doe, a votive offering;
Grant us the sword and shield of victory.
Faithless Laomedon hath done us wrong,
Help us avenge this wrong and fickleness
Of man to man, just retribution give.

(Before the gate.)

Herald.

Ye men of Troy, I now proclaim the war
Waged on just principles by Heracles
For life for death for all that you possess!

Gatekeeper.

Laomedon and his accept the challenge;
Let heaven be witness to this host encamped
Against this city and our sacred homes.

Heracles.

Up, let us storm the citadel. Each to
The post assigned repair and stand there till
The signal bids you scale the wall,
Then every gate must be attacked at once.

In battle every man a hero is
And every hero makes his valor known
At proper times nor thinks of his defeat.
The day is ours for Justice, on our side,
Will help us triumph over well-armed wrong.

(Soldiers march.)

Telamon in another part of the field.
Ye heroes that have followed conquering arms
In many climes, proud cities brought to dust,
The manes on your hearthstones look to you
This day to see how you acquit yourselves.
May they not see their scions effeminate,
Unworthy of the blood that gives them life.
We are akin to gods, although in parts
We scarcely trace the kinship and the touch.
A godly bearing most becomes us now.
Look to the part assigned you, do it well.

(The herald gives the signal.)

First Hero.

May all Olympus bear me witness now,
That I apply my strength upon this gate
And batter it and tread it under foot.

(He beats upon the gate with his club.)

Second Hero.

Watch for the arrows from the archer there.
He hath already felled his share of men.
The trumpeters urge onward with their blast.
Let me add to thy strength and blows mine own.

(He begins to beat on the gate.)

Who leaped upon the wall and disappeared
Within ?

First Hero.

Our great commander, Heracles.

(The gate falls and a shout goes up.)

Second Hero.

List, the exultant echo of our camp
Goes trembling from the walls to distant hills.

First Hero.

It seems that some god shouted from the sky.

(They rush into the city.)

Heracles.

On, men, loot all the city ! Take captives
Of all the citizens and spare not one.
Leave but the palace and the king to me.

Scene II. In the palace, Laomedon at the altar.

(Enter Heracles.)

Heracles.

Thou truly art before this altar bowed,
But what I promised to mete out to thee
When next I crossed thy threshold, so I do.

(He smites Laomedon down. In rush Bucolion, Lampus, Tithonus, Clytius, Hicetaon, sons of Laomedon.)

Bucolion.

See, he hath slain our father ! There he lies !

(He thrusts at Heracles.)

Heracles.

There, I will give thee that and that and that
For thy good bravery! Lay to, my men!

(They fight with the invaders and are slain.)

There lie Tithonus, Lampus, Clytius,
Bucolion, Hicetaon at my feet,
Laomedon there at the altar lies
Slain by the faithless folly of his deeds.

(Hesione enters.)

Hesione.

Alas, no intercession can avail!
Let me too die as they did by the same
Unhallowed weapon. Let me die. 'Tis best.

(She falls before Heracles.)

Heracles.

Where is thy brother, Priam?

Hesione.

He commands
Elsewhere—I hear his steps.

(Priam enters.)

Priam.

What judgment hath done this? Alas, Alas!

Heracles.

Guards, seize these prisoners, keep them safe,
secure.

(Four guards march off, leading Hesione and Priam.)

Our work is done. Now sound the signal blast
That will restrain the bloody hand of war.

Scene III. The council-chamber.

(Heracles, Telamon, Priam, Hesione, soldiers.)

Heracles.

Thee, Priam, the last of thy degenerate race
I know. It doth delight me to restore
Thee to thy kingly throne so lately lost.
Rule not by will, for thou art insufficient
Within thyself, but springs of wisdom seek ;
Nor by injustice rule, for at some time
She will pour bitterness on thy own soul,
When least expected she exacts her own ;
Nor by hypocrisy, for in some hour
The actor must unmask himself and be
The very being which he really is—
I give thee back thy realm and crown thee king.

(Priam kneels as Heracles places the crown on him.)

Priam.

How sad it is to look around me here
Beholding all the havoc of this war.
My loyalty and thanks I pledge to thee
For giving me my life and heritage.

Telamon.

Have I come forth for naught? To me is due
This kingship. Why not let me thrive on it?

Heracles.

I have a better gift than this for thee—

Telamon.

I know not what it is. Is not honor
In state affairs and in the public eye,
Where thrive the citizens by just laws made,
Where come rich merchandise from every clime,
And tribes have great respect unto her name
The greatest prize that earth can yield to man?

Heracles.

Thou hast asked well, but I will better ask.
Is not love from a true-born, gentle soul,
That breathes it constantly and ardently,
That has the grace and beauty in her form
That Venus might well envy, worth by far
More than the price of all the empires built?
Man may live without government or law,
He may live without sacrifice or prayer,
But there will come a time when passion moves
And he will crave for love, for simply love.

Telamon.

True, very true, but I have never known
A creature's love such as thou speakest of.

Heracles.

Then something new shall dawn on thee this day.
A full-fledged man thou shalt be once in life,
For no man knows life's fullness nor its joy
Till he hath loved some other gentle soul.
Hesione once whispered love to me
For Telamon while I in these walls stayed,
And sighed because he understood her not.
Does she that same affection cherish still?

Hesione.

Amid such grief I should not speak of love,
But love is greater, yea the lord of death.
I but confess, I do love Telamon.

Telamon, embracing her.

Long hast thou loved me and I knew it not;
Yes, ever since I met thee long ago.
Hereafter we shall give as lovers give,
Tears unto tears, joy unto joy, and all
Our acts and deeds be done as love directs.

Heracles.

'Tis yours to end this well. Now let the slaves
Give fitting burial to the princes, king,
And let the priests' triumphant shout and dance
Go up to Ares with a hecatomb.

(*Exeunt.*)

THE NEW NORTH STATE.

Thou, sovereign State, must stand,
No maddened crowd can overthrow
Thine ancient walls. The Master hand
That pillared thy foundation
Defend thee! Scattered nations
Within thy borders grow.
The seeds of liberty
Were sown by thee and brought forth fruit
Which filled the world with wisdom.
The oppressed no longer mute,
But trusting God, like thee,
Oh Carola, a kingdom
Grand and mighty built.
Thou, to the tyrant known
In peace and conflict, wilt
Work out the ills your own.
Upon thy verdant hills
Must temples rise and send
Unfading light. Thy rills
For wealth their power spend.
The Wedded Isles shall rise
With Continental Power
To seek thy merchandise
And make thee strong each hour.
Storm-clouds may hide thy star—
Eternal night surrounds
Thee not for aye; so far

Night sways, then light confounds
Her darksome face.
Yes, Nemesis may sit
Unseen—give years of grace
To those who discomfit
Her plans, but still her sway
Will every wrong repay.
Lift up thy lawful arm,
Crush each depraving deed
Discovered in thy bound;
Let reverence and alarm
Strike him who will not heed
The statutes thou hast found.
The mighty God has destined thee
To noble things and purity.

ON DIAMOND SHOALS.

'Tis darkening and the breakers roar
Upon the shoals along the shore;
 Storm-clouds and mist
 Spread o'er the deep,
 The winds southwest
 And fire sweep
Its bosom. As the lightship sends
A glare, her own strength scarce defends
Her from the fury of the gale,
Yet not one cheek within grows pale.

Her signal guns and rockets make
It known to ships that in their wake
 Great danger lies—
 The darkness falls
 And sight defies—
 Some vessel calls
For help—her lights seem lifted high
And with the flood and winds to fly.

The lightship answers without fear—
Alas! the homeward ship too near
 The coast was driven.
 The hurricane
 Hath upward striven
 From the Southern Main.
 She helpless drifts,
With useless rudder, sails in rifts,
Upon the shoal, the fatal shoal.

What is it human hands have made
That winds and waves will not invade—
Within their grasp the lightship strives
And struggles to protect the lives

Entrusted her.

The Demon, gloom,
Will not defer
Her sudden doom.

She too must share the wretched fate
Of those who come within his gate.

Not these alone, but many brave
And gentle ones have found their grave
Upon these sands
Since first the Knight's
Colonial bands
Confirmed his rights.

Naught but a soul can know such grief
As comes from seeking vain relief,
When all around in sea and air
Consent and add to its despair.

The Demon of the storm exults
And ever his own gain consults.
With oath and boast
He sets his mind
To guard the coast
From all mankind.

Oh daring seaman, venture not
Too near that sandbar,—fatal spot,
For he will send some envious blast
To burst thy keel and break thy mast.

THE SEED.

Vain fancies fill the heart of man,
Yea, lustful images inspire;
He turns not back to God again,
Nor seems to fear His righteous ire.

Creator by the creature tried!
Who once was imaged like Himself,
Who by His will was deified,
Hath marred all and polluted self.

Dumb to His call he cannot hear,
Blind to His work he cannot see,
Withered by sin he cannot fear,
Again like God he wills not be.

“The floodgates of my skies shall ope,
Shall pour their torrents on mankind;
He without grace and without hope
Within the grave his rest shall find.

“But yet a remnant shall be left,
The Patriarch of all the race;
He with his household shall be left—
The reward of righteousness is grace.

“With him two of all living things
Shall be preserved within an ark.
All flesh shall feel the fear that brings
Remorse to the soul for evil work.”

II.

But as it floated with the flood,
It also bore the seed of sin;
'Twas sowed within the coursing blood;
The soul contained it deep within.

How widely hath its fruitage spread!
So wide that all the earth doth taste,
Its harvest fills mankind with dread,
And brings incessant toil to waste.

Yea Love and Hate, yea Mammon, Lust,
These with few grains of reason mixed,
Still make the bonds of inspirited dust,
Still move it till its fate is fixed.

Cain's heritors are still unslaked,
This day they joy to see blood flow,
Nor is their Passion thus awaked
Concerned with justice or with law.

Their strength is in their will and place
Among the few enthroned ones,
They seek the color of the face
Before they do inhuman crimes.

AMERICA FOR THEE AND ME.

Learn from whate'er about thee lies,
Go forth through every clime;
Learn how the struggling thousands rise
In every land and time;
Then brother, wouldest thou change thy lot
For any home on land or sea?
Let others seek some foreign spot—
America for thee and me!

Here may brave human hearts aspire
To all ennobling deeds,
Whenever duty may require,
Where'er true motive leads;
Here ever live with kindred, friend,
Here God and mind are ever free;
Your broken honor here amend;
America for thee and me!

Dear land of hazy skies!
Where daylight breathes out health,
Where stars look down with watchful eyes
And guard a nation's wealth.
What more than these can freedom give,
Where Nature's hand more bounteous be;
With all your strength work where you live—
America for thee and me!

Though firmly held with tyrant hand
The iron scepters rust—
Love thou thy land, thy native land
To her our fortune trust;
Whatever right is now denied
Will yet one day be given thee,
All means will fail till right is tried—
America for thee and me!

Let patience, loyalty be thine,
Let justice be thy guide;
Ne'er yet hath God let races pine
Whose heart in Him confide;
Let Virtue grapple with her foes,
She makes no fawning plea,
For she the end of error knows—
America for thee and me.

MY DESIRE.

To toil within my little sphere,
Performing each task with good will and cheer,
Just as 'twas in my being writ
By that directing Spirit;
To add unto my neighbor's weal
The best that I can give and make him feel
Glad that I lived and with him wrought;
To cast away my false deceit,
And learn the truth at Wisdom's feet,
To pay what my existence owes.

A FOURTH-DAY ODE.

Once more this day of liberty
Dawns o'er thee, Empire of the West,
And many a pleasant memory
Crowds on us with its past.

Of that first hope for free domain
Which fired to flame courageous hearts ;
Of all the struggle, toil and pain
Of those unyielding patriots.

Aye, they were men, most valiant men,
Who counted life nor treasure dear
To bring to earth that boon again
Which age on age had sought in fear.

They passed from earth but did not die,
For with us they are dwelling still ;
We pilgrimage where their altars lie,
At Alamance and Bunker Hill.

Yet of thy glory, of thy power
Their wisest sages dared not dream ;
They did the duty of the hour
And questioned not the Master's scheme.

The conquest of thy industries
Excels the trophies of thy arms ;
The unwrought of the centuries
Is brought forth as the morning dawns.

In these thy coming hope is born,
Howe'er complete thy past may seem;
The sword hath his life-draught foresworn
Which made him lord o'er all supreme.

There are no hordes of Goths or Vans,
No foe thy ruin to foretell;
Thy destiny is in thy hands,
Thus inwardly thy care must dwell.

Soul knit to soul, love linked to love
Each man unto his brother bound,
Will more of violence remove
Than all the laws that may be crowned.

Freedom, thou genius of our land,
Thou foster-mother of our weal,
No more, no more shall thy blest hand
The tyrant's chain be made to feel.

Thy happiness is manifold
To sacred home, to sovereign state;
Here merging all the races told;
Here lifting up their star of fate.

FAREWELL, SWEET DAY.

Farewell, sweet day, farewell,
Thy golden sun is setting
Behind the western hill,
And we, our cares forgetting,
 Go unto rest.

O'er every battlement
The shadows are descending
With wanton discontent,
And with the darkness blending ;
 They deepen fast.

Within my hopeful heart
There still thy memories linger,
Nor will they soon depart,
For thou hast been the bringer
 Of truth and love.

Each minute thou hast given
To me some undone labor,
To lift me nearer heaven,
And nearer to my Maker—
 Oh blessed gift !

No more wilt thou return ;
Thou and thy deeds' rewarding
Are sealed in time's great urn,
And thou art disregarding
 Remorseful wails.

As by the great decree
Is fading here thy glory,
But to some land and sea
Thou tellest the joyful story
That day has dawned,

So is hope in the soul
Which often sets, there leaving
Its darkness, but its whole
Light shines on others, leaving
A life aglow.

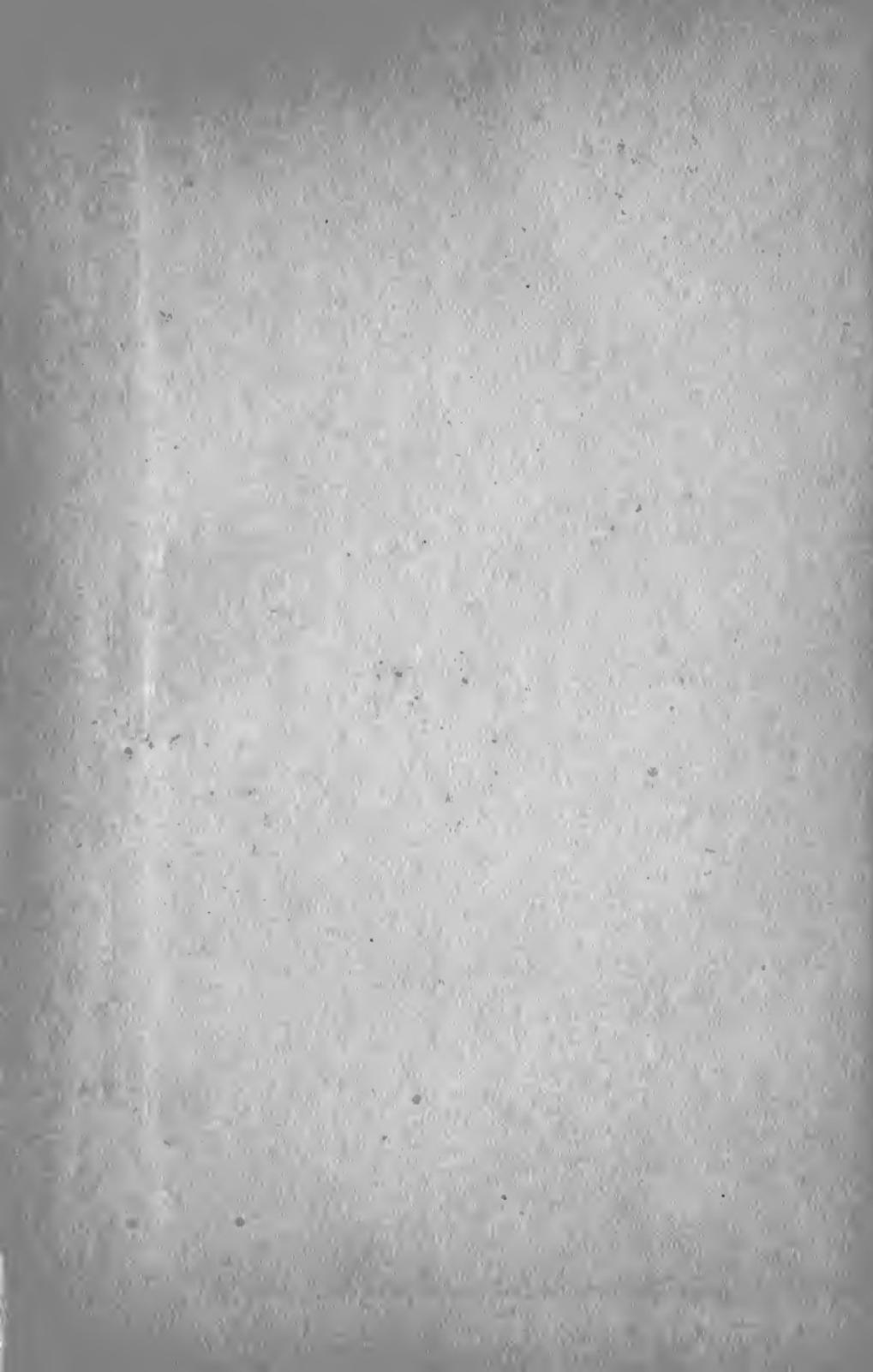
I think not that with thee
My fondest hopes are dying;
With me the great To Be
Is with the present vieing;
I upward toil.

Yet like thee I shall pass,
Me all my deeds shall follow,
And whether I curse or bless,
Or hate or love my fellow,
I must pass on.





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